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The Drama.

SIEGE OF LIVERPOOL;

OR, THE DAYS OF PRINCE RUPERT.

A Drama, in Two Acts.

BY MRS. CADDICK, OF LIVERPOOL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Roundheads.

General Moore, Governor of the Castle.	Harry Longyarn.
Major Holdforth.	Sailors.
Captain Starboard.	Townsmen.
Sam Fisher, alias Dickey Sam.	Bertha Warde.
Tom Tug.	Margaret Stanley.
	Polly Mayflower.

Cavaliers.

Prince Rupert.	Will Sedley.
Lieutenant Moore.	Officers of Staffa.
Ensign Howard.	Philpot.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST.—*A rural Public-house on the sea shore. Ships at anchor in the distance. Sailors drinking.*

Tom Tug. Come, my hearties, bouse the can about. I don't care a rope's end about them there old psalm-singing Puritans, or Roundheads, as they call 'em. They're like them old figure-heads in the shipyard; lifeless and lumbersome. D—me, but we'll make fire wood of them some of these days. Why, they know as much about grog as I do of a sarmint; and a man's got no true larning that wants a knowledge of grog.

All. Bravo, Tom.

Harry Longyarn. For my part I'm for a short life and a merry one. But here's to Captain Starboard, our brave commander, and may he never have to pipe his eye again for the loss of a petticoat.

All. Captain Starboard, our brave commander.

Tom Tug. I say, Harry, now you're in singing trim, tip us that bit of a stave about our Captain and his Nancy.

Harry Longyarn sings, "Tom Starboard," &c.

Tom Tug. Shiver my topsails if I ever hear that ditty but I find the tide flooding in my larboard eye. [*Wipes his left eye with the sleeve of his jacket.—Gun fires.*] Come, my boys, heave round the capstan, and let us get into the tide of jollity. We shall have to man the pinnace at the third signal to take our captain aboard.

Enter CAPTAIN STARBOARD.

Capt. S. Well, my brave lads, how stands your grog? I shall want the pinnace by the third gun fires.

Tom Tug. Ay, ay, your honour; though we be fast anchored here in a good road, we can slip our cable at the word of command. [*Third gun fires.*

Capt. S. There it is, then; bustle up, my boys. I'll be after you in the turning of an hour-glass.

[*Exeunt sailors.*

Enter PHILPOT *from public-house.*

Philpot. A good day to you, noble Captain; [*looks round in disappointment,*] so you've sent the boys adrift, and I've lost some of my best customers.

Capt. S. Never mind, Master Philpot; if you have lost good customers, you have found a better friend. If those ranting boys had staid till you bade them depart they might have found their way to the bottom of the Mersey, and then, instead of emptying your cellars, they would have filled the bellies of your deadly enemies, the fishes, who drink nothing but water. As it is, there is every chance of their grappling your flagons again.

Philpot. Well, I must say, Captain, there's some show of reason in what you say. But I'll tell you what, I have worse enemies than the fishes; for they, poor little things, drink their water quietly, and hinder no one from taking *more sublimer* liquor; while them ere croaking Roundheads, that's got the upper hand in our good old town, both drink vile water themselves, and *obligate* every body about 'em to follow their example. For my part, if I was the Mayor, I'd put a tax on all shameless *water-drinkers*. I'd put a chalk upon 'em, that all true-hearted, jolly dogs should shun their company.

Capt. S. Ha, ha, ha! you'd do wonderful things, no doubt.

Philpot.—You needn't laugh, Captain, I'm serious; never was more serious in all my life. Water! why I never think of it without feeling all the horrors of *hum-drum-to-by*; (as our doctor calls the mad-dog distemper,) and I'd sooner be hunted for a mad dog that hates the sight of water, than have it said that Toby Philpot was disloyal to his liege lord, Sir John Barleycorn.

Capt. S. Or to our Royal master, Charles Stuart.

Philpot. Come, come, Captain, before I own to that I must put *you* to the test. They say you are one of the prick-eared Roundheads, and as little a friend to *pewter* as they are. So I'll fetch a tankard of my seven-year-old, and if you don't say its purer stuff than your Puritans', gibbet me alive with a foaming tankard, just near enough for me to nose, but too far off for me to taste it.

[*Going towards the house.*

Capt. S. No, no, my good host; not at present—business of importance calls me on board my vessel, and, though I stay not to pledge you to the health of Charles Stuart, I enter not into all the feelings of the Roundheads; but, with every true lover of our beautiful island, wish that peace and plenty might once more be seen in our streets; and the busy hum of commerce be heard again within our harbours. [*Exit Starboard.*

Philpot. So much for sentiment. Well; moralizing always gives me the blue devils. I'd rather have a stave, because a stave reminds me of a barrel, and a barrel of what I like best in the world—good drinking.

Song,—"Of all the delights that are pleasing to man."

SCENE SECOND.—*A retired part of the shore. Alfred Moore in disguise.*

Alfred. He cannot have passed without my having seen him; and yet 'tis long past noon. I hear approaching footsteps. [*Hides behind a tree.*]

Enter STARBOARD.

Captain S. That old Philpot has kept me too long: my men will be impatient of the delay. [*Alfred pulls him by the cloak.*] Who have we here?

Alfred [*uncovering his face.*] Am I then forgotten?

Capt. S. Forgotten! no, no! I never forget a friend.

Alfred. So you have the courage in these perilous times to meet a man of the party opposed to your own, and call him friend. Let me exchange the word, for neither time nor chance shall make me forget that we were friends in our boyhood, and that the feeling growing with our growth is now so deeply rooted that, call it what you will, either habit or principle, we are friends.

Capt. S. Are you not too venturesome thus to come alone so far beyond the lines of your camp? Do you not fear to be surprised?

Alfred. No, Starboard, I fear nothing: yet it is with deep regret that I find myself compelled, at the call of duty, to raise my hand against a cause of which my father is the supporter. He has discarded, disowned, and disinherited me. Yet he is the author of my being, and when I behold the ravages that mark the progress of our besieging army, and feel that they are the scenes of my infancy which are rendered so desolate, I am almost tempted to sheathe my sword and disavow the cause I have undertaken to uphold.

Capt. S. I am sorry you have not taken our side of the question. But tell me why you have sought this interview? Can I serve you in any thing?

Alfred. You can. Tell me first where is my cousin, Bertha Warde?

Capt. S. In the Castle with your father. When the alarm was given that Prince Rupert approached to besiege Liverpool, our stout-hearted townsmen resolved to defend themselves to the utmost; but, with good discretion, they sent their wives and daughters and their most precious moveables on board the few vessels that lie at anchor in the Pool, and which defend the Castle from attack on that side.

Alfred. Why then has my cousin Bertha remained behind?

Capt. S. She deemed herself as safe in the Castle as elsewhere, and besides, she preferred remaining with your father. She has with her, for a companion, the pretty Margaret Stanley.

Alfred. I came here to give you my confidence; but it seems you have a love story to tell me in return?

Capt. S. No, no: I can, to be sure, speak of the beauty of a lively lass as of a pretty picture, but you know that my love is buried in the grave of my poor Nancy.

Alfred. 'Tis in vain to grieve, and as time passes let me acquaint you with the situation of my affairs. You know, I suppose, that my father and my uncle served together in the wars of the Palatinate, and having returned home, married two sisters distantly allied to the

noble house of Stanley. The fruit of their union were Bertha and myself, and fearing that, being only children, ——

Capt. S. I was an only child, and my mother, rest her soul——

Alfred. But as I was going to tell you, lest we should be spoiled they agreed to exchange us, and the result was, that I was brought up in the precincts of Lathom House, where I early imbibed the royalist opinions of those around me. Bertha was educated in retirement by my deceased mother, and embraced the Puritanical principles of my father. By the united wishes of our parents we were betrothed in our infancy. Years matured our affections, and we should, ere this, have been united in the most sacred bonds, had not the civil war, which now rages so fiercely in our island, rudely broke the contract. My father, who prides himself upon sacrificing every thing to principle, no sooner learned that I held a commission under Rupert than he banished me his presence, refused me the hand of Bertha, and adopted her as his child and heiress.

Capt. S. But he bears universally the character of a just and amiable man. You might mutually concede.

Alfred. It is impossible: he is wholly under the influence of his sect. My sole anxiety is for the safety of Bertha: a besieged fortress is no place for a being so gentle and so fair. You must convey her, my dear fellow, in safety to your own vessel.

Capt. S. That you may fetch her out! Well, though my heart has ceased to flutter at the smile of beauty, I am not insensible to the call of friendship. I almost despair of inducing her to exchange the protection of the Castle for that of my ship; but I will do my best, and if I succeed I'll send you the joyful news by Dicky Sam, as he is called, a simple but shrewd lad, who lives in yonder cottage.

Alfred. A thousand thanks, my dear friend; and now I must hasten to the camp. To-night Prince Rupert holds another council, at which I must assist.

Capt. S. A dead herring for his councils! While the little vessel which I command continues to lie at anchor below yonder, he may council and fight in vain. He'll never be the master of our good town and treasures.

Alfred. You *are* really a Roundhead then? I confess I had my doubts.

Capt. S. Farewell! "Our country is our ship d'ye see," and the first duty of a British sailor is to fight for her, whoever may have the command. And though these Puritans be not quite "ship shape," yet they have trusted me with the safety of the dear little Lancashire witches, and may my ship strike on a sunken rock if ever I betray them! [*Exit Starboard.*

Alfred [*looking out at wing.*] He bends his steps to Liverpool, to the beloved place of my nativity, against which I come, armed as an invader of domestic peace; alas how desolate is now her aspect! Her houses, of which each one has been a petty fortress to stay our progress, are shattered by our artillery. The fields and gardens are devastated by our troopers: while the castle, blackened by fire, alone defies the besiegers. Yet, these days of trial once passed, she shall rise again, as her emblematic bird rises from the marshes, and extending along the shores of the Mersey, shall rule, by the industry and enterprise of individuals, the commercial destinies of the world. [*Exit Alfred.*

SCENE THIRD.—*A Council Chamber in the Castle. Townspeople, Philpot, Gen. Moore, Holdforth, and Starboard. The Castle-bell ringing an alarum.*

First Townsman. What new alarm is this? Are we met for purposes of peace or war? or is it some new device of the enemy that doth so mightily oppress us?

Philpot. What do you mean by oppression? short allowance of grog?

First Townsman. Nay, thou profane scoffer; thou keeper of an ungodly public. It is meet thy feet should be set in the stocks.

Philpot. Set me in the stocks! *Me!* a freeman of Liverpool! a keeper of a respectable house for public entertainment! you ugly old toad. I can compare you to nothing but a croaking reptile that has lived all its days in a well, and never knew the enlivening influence of proof spirits.

Gen. Moore. Silence! What mean these brawls? Is this a time to quarrel among ourselves when our united efforts can scarce repel the enemy from our gates? Even now a herald waits without, bearing from Prince Rupert, that man of Belial, a summons to surrender ourselves captives to his hand.

First Townsman. We will not; we will fight valiantly; we will mightily uphold our godly cause.

All. Yes; yes.

Gen. Moore. 'Tis well: aided by our brother Holdforth, whom Cromwell has, in good time, sent to our assistance, we will defy these haughty and sinful men. We will valiantly defend our wives, our homes, our children, and our wealth. Our good town is one of the keys to our island fortress; and hence we hold communication with the farthest ends of the known world.

Holdforth. But more especially with that speck upon the face of the waters, the Isle of Man,—the resort of all traitors,—the strong-hold of that contumacious rebel, the Earl Derby. But let the haughty house of Stanley rule on,—we will defend our own. On one hand, we have the river,—on the other, the marsh. Who shall prevail against us?

Philpot. May I crave to know the herald's message?

Gen. Moore. We are commanded to surrender our Castle to the King, and to draw off yon vessels from their moorings. To such as will return to their allegiance to Charles Stuart, he offers life and liberty; to the contumacious,—bonds, penalties, and death.

Holdforth. Ay, but we know too well the tender mercies of those who arm themselves against their country. If they want our town, let them take it by force of arms.

Gen. Moore. So will we instruct the herald. And now, my friends, for your countenance in this measure you have our thanks. Return ye to your homes. I and my friends will retire awhile, and deliberate, as best we may, how we may foil these invading and ruthless malignants, the rude destroyers of our common weal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Bertha's Chamber in the Castle. A table with a vase of flowers—Bertha discovered attending to them.*

Bertha. How every thing seems to participate in my melancholy fate! Even these summer blossoms, that I would fain preserve to perfume my apartments, wither, despite my care. These roses, that should be thornless, fold up their silken leaves and perish in their prime! These lilies droop and die; and nothing but the pale forget-me-not, shrinking amid its fellows, as if ashamed to survive them, remains of what was yesterday a blooming bouquet. So, in the deep recesses of my saddened heart—amid fading hopes and departed happiness—there yet lingers a secret affection that fears to lose its object. [*Knocking without.*] I must dry these tears. [*She opens the door.*]

Enter GEN. MOORE *and* CAPTAIN STARBOARD.

Gen. Moore. Bertha! my child.

Bertha. Dear uncle!

Gen. Moore. Nay, Bertha. After the manner of the world, I am, indeed, called thine uncle; but in the heart I am thy father.

Bertha. You have, indeed, been ever kind, ever gentle and indulgent.

Gen. Moore. Enough: here is our friend Starboard. He comes again to request you to embark in his vessel. The town is every day more hotly pressed by our besiegers; they seek out new inventions to destroy our Castle, and fire and sword do, hourly, their work of death. Such scenes, my child, but ill befit the gentleness of thy nature.

Bertha. Am I not with *you*, my father. I fear nothing for myself—I will still abide with you. Your place shall be my place, and your danger mine. Think not so meanly of your Bertha's courage: a soldier's daughter starts not at the cannon's roar—shrinks not from the sight of ghastly wounds. And yet, when I reflect that it is my own country that is so divided by civil broils—when I behold the son arming against his father—the father proscribing the son—

Gen. Moore. Name it not, I command you. But I, too, had hoped for better things. I had fancied that my son would take thee from my hand, the richest inheritance I could bequeath him. I thought to have seen you wedded—to have beheld your children rising around me beautiful and happy. But this was becoming a snare to my soul; and He who made me and knew my frailty, dashed my full cup of happiness with the bitter wormwood of ingratitude from my son.

Bertha. [*weeping*] Dear sir—dear uncle.

Captain Starboard. Come, General, I'm sorry to see you brought to after this fashion—and if I knew any thing of a larned education I'd make free to speak a few words for Master Alfred. You take no reckoning of the bringing-up that he had at Lathom House.

Gen. Moore. Meddle not with the matter. Though he still bears my name, I know him not; and all the mysterious fondness that nature bids us cherish for our children is here concentred. [*He embraces Bertha.*] Prepare, my child, to embark with our friend.

Bertha. Do not, I entreat you, banish me your presence. What harm can reach me in my paternal home? Your band of faithful friends will gather round us; our old and trusty servants will arm in our defence; and if these lawless men *should* storm our Castle, the Powers that guard the innocent will keep us scatheless, or [*with deep humility*] take us to themselves.

Captain Starboard. [*impatiently*] But you have no idea of the horrors that await you. That desperate devil, Prince Rupert, will send you cannon balls as thick as hail; the groans of the dying, and the dead, will meet you at every step; while streams of human blood——

Bertha. 'Tis horrible to think on't. Yet, if I go, how will my tortured heart endure the thought of *his* danger! My ready fancy will increase the horrors I behold not, and I shall die a thousand deaths in anticipation of his fall.

Captain Starboard. [*aside.*] Well, I must try another tack; I see she's not to be frightened into it;—if I could only give her a hint about her lover. [*To Bertha.*] Well, mistress Bertha, I'm sorry you won't go; I'd do all in my power to make you comfortable; the women have snug births, and there's pleasant company on board—old friends of yours, whom you would be glad to meet with.

Bertha. I have here all I can desire,—my uncle and my cousin Margaret.

[*Enter* MARGARET STANLEY *running.*]

Margaret. Oh, cousin Bertha! Oh, uncle! such an affair!

Gen. Moore. What affair? What is the matter?

Margaret. Why, that foolish old publican, Philpot, went to the Seneschal of the Castle, who is an old friend of his, and they got tipsey together. But Master Holdforth caught him as he was staggering through the hall, and is bringing him here.

Enter HOLDFORTH, *dragging in* PHILPOT *intoxicated.*

Philpot. [*hiccuping.*] I can't come on any faster, and what's more, I wont. [*Tries to assume sobriety.*] Your servant, fair ladies. Next to a full pottle, I'm a great admirer of the fair sex.

Gen. Moore. How durst thou venture to intoxicate thyself at such a time, and within these walls?

Philpot. Bless your old soul, I'm quite—correct. [*Hiccups.*]

Holdforth. Send the disgusting wretch to close confinement.

Philpot. [*staggering forward.*] What's that you're trying to say? [*He stumbles against Starboard.*] What, my old friend, Tom—Tom—Star-Starboard. I say—what have you done with Lieutenant Moore?

Capt. S. With Lieutenant Moore? what is it you mean?

Philpot. Oh, you're as cunning as a fox. But I saw him. I—I—I can see double sometimes.

Capt. S. I don't know what you mean.

Philpot. But I know—I know it was him. Bless your pretty eyes, Mrs. Bertha; he asked after you many a time.

Gen. Moore. This is a strange event. If (for your confusion is suspicious) you have seen my son, you are not what I have deemed you, a corrector of the evil times on which we have fallen.

Capt. S. Heaven bless your honour, I only thought to take Miss Bertha on board the Goodwill to keep her out of harm's way. The roaring cavaliers that surround Prince Rupert are no respecters of feminine delicacy.

Gen. Moore. She shall, at all hazards, remain with me. Better is open violence than secret fraud; and though my head is gray, and my right arm has lost something of its youthful vigour, I can yet strike hard to preserve the honour of my child.

[*Exunt Bertha and Gen. Moore, Holdforth intently following them with his eyes. Starboard goes towards Philpot and pulls him along.*]

Capt. S. Come along, you drunken old Marplot; you've spoiled the prettiest plot that ever was contrived to give satisfaction to two parted lovers. Come along, I say, for if I leave you here they'll lay you by the heels in some hole of a dungeon below low-water mark.

[*Exit Starboard, dragging off Philpot.*

Holdforth. There goes the most dainty piece of womanhood my eyes ever witnessed. What a shape and air! Her fortune, too, will be prodigious. Thanks to the genius of intrigue, that whispered me to adopt the manners of these canting scoundrels. My assumed zeal first recommended me to the notice of Cromwell; and in sending me here, as to a post of trust and honour, he has pushed me on a chance of mending my ruined fortunes by marriage. Will she have me though? Her father might consent; but if there be truth in sighs, or eloquence in melancholy, *her* heart is plighted to another. No matter: "faint heart never won fair lady;" and by force or fraud she shall be mine. [*Exit.*

(To be continued.)

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

ON OLD COATS.

(From Whitaker's Monthly Magazine.)

I love an old coat. By an old coat, I mean not one of last summer's growth, on which the gloss yet lingers, shadowy, and intermittent, like a faint ray of sunlight on the counting-house desk of a clothier's warehouse in Eastcheap, but a real unquestionable antique, which, for some five or six years, has withstood the combined assaults of sun, dust, and rain,—has lost all pretensions to starch, unsocial formality, and gives the shoulders assurance of ease, and the waist of a holyday. Such a coat is my delight. It presents itself to my mind's eye mixed up with a thousand varying recollections, and not only shadows forth the figures, but recals the very faces, even to the particular expression of eye, brow, or lip, of friends over whom the waters of oblivion have long since rolled. This, you will say, is strange. Granted; but mark how I deduce my analogy.

In that repository of wit, learning, and sarcasm, the "Tale of a Tub," Swift pertinently remarks, that, in forming an estimate of an individual's trade or profession, one should look to his dress. The man himself is nothing; his apparel is the distinguishing characteristic—the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace. What, adds the satirist, is a lawyer but a black wig and gown hung upon an animated peg, like a barber's caxon on a block? What a judge, but an apt conjunction of scarlet and white ermine thrown over a similar peg, a little stouter, perhaps, and stuck upright on a bench? What a dandy, but a pair of tight persuasives to corns and gentility, exuberant pantaloons, and unimpeachable coat and hat, trimly appended to a moving stick, from a yard and a half to two yards high, grown in Bond-street, and cut down, in the fulness of time, in the King's Bench? What a lord mayor, but a gold chain stuck round the neck of a plump occupier of space? What a physician, but a black gilt-headed cane, thrust, with professional gravity, under the snout of an embodied "Memento mori?" What an alderman, but a furred gown and white napkin stuck beneath the triple chin of a polypetalous personification of dyspepsia? Caxon, the barber, held opinions similar to these. "Pray, Sir, said he to the Antiquary, "do not venture near the sands to-night, for when *you* are dead and gone there will only be three *wigs* left in the village."

If, then, we look to the dress (of which the coat, of course, forms the chief feature) as the criterion of a man, it is logically manifest that the appearance of certain coats will renew the recollection of certain individuals; or suppose we substitute the word *coat* for *man*, and it will be equally manifest that a certain coat is *bonâ fide* a certain man. Now, whenever I see an old coat, brown, rusty, and long-waisted, with the dim metal buttons at the back, sewed on so far apart, that if a short-sighted man were to stand upon the one, he could scarcely (according to the ordinary laws of probability) see over to the other, I imagine (on Swift's principle) that I see my fat city friend, Tims, who died of a lord mayor's feast, ten years since come Martinmas. In like manner, whenever I behold a gaunt, attenuated, blue surtout, so perfectly old-fashioned in shape that I should hardly be justified in making an affidavit before Sir Richard Birnie, that, to the best of my belief, it was younger than the Temple of the Sun, at Palmyra, I think that I behold my ancient college chum, Dickson, the cream of bachelors, the pink of politeness, the most agreeable of tipplers, who expired last year, of vexation, the necessary consequence of his having been married, a full fortnight, to a blue-stocking. Peace be to his ashes! he always spoke respectfully of whiskey punch.

Old coats are the indices by which a man's peculiar turn of mind may be pointed out. So tenaciously do I hold this opinion, that, in passing down a crowded thoroughfare, the Strand, for instance, I would wager odds that in seven out of ten cases I would tell a stranger's character and calling by the mere cut of his every-day coat. Who can mistake the staid formal gravity of the orthodox divine, in the corresponding weight, fulness, and healthy condition of his familiar, easy-natured flaps? Who sees not the necessities, the habitual eccentricities of the poet, significantly developed in his two haggard, shapeless, old apologies for skirts, original, in their genius, as Christabel, uncouth, in their build, as the new palace at Pimlico? Who can misapprehend the motions of the spirit, as it slily flutters beneath the Quaker's drab? Thus, too, the sable hue of the lawyer's working coat corresponds most convincingly with the colour of his conscience: while thrift, dandyism, and a close attention to appearances, tell their own tale in the half-pay officer's smart, but somewhat faded, exterior.

No lover of independence ventures voluntarily on a new coat. This is an axiom not to be overturned, unlike the safety stage-coaches. The man who piques himself on the newness of such an habiliment is (till time hath "moulded it into beauty") its slave. Wherever he goes, he is harassed by an apprehension of damaging it. Hence he loses his sense of independence, and becomes a serf! How degrading! To succumb to one's superiors is bad enough; but to be the martyr of a few yards of cloth, to be the helot of a tight fit, to be shackled by the ninth fraction of a man, to be made submissive to the sun, the dust, the rain, and the snow,—to be panic-stricken by the chimney-sweep, to be scared by the dustman, to shudder at the advent of the baker, to give precedence to the scavenger, to concede the wall to a peripatetic conveyancer of eggs, to palpitate at the irregular sallies of a mercurial cart-horse, to look up with awe at the apparition of a giggling servant girl, with a slop-pail thrust half way out of a garret-window, to coast a gutter with a horrible anticipation of consequences, to faint at the visitation of a shower of soot down the chimney, to be compelled to be at the mercy of each and all of these vile contingencies,—can any thing in human nature be so preposterous, so effeminate, so disgraceful? A truly great mind spurns the bare idea of such slavery; hence, according to the "Subaltern," Wellington liberated Spain in a red coat, extravagantly over-estimated at sixpence, and Napoleon entered Moscow in a green one out at the elbows.

An old coat is the aptest possible symbol of sociality. An old shoe is not to be despised; an old hat, provided it have a crown, is not amiss; none but a cynic would speak irreverently of an old slipper; but were I called upon to put forward the most unique impersonation of comfort, I should give a plumper in favour of an old coat. The very mention of this luxury conjures up a thousand images of enjoyment. It speaks of warm fire-sides—long flowing curtains—a downy arm-chair—a nicely-trimmed lamp—a black cat fast asleep on the hearth-rug—a bottle of old Port (vintage 1812)—a snuff-box—a cigar—a Scotch novel—and, above all, a social, independent, unembarrassed attitude. With a new coat, this last blessing is unattainable. Imprisoned in this detestable tunic—oh, how unlike the flowing toga of the ancients!—we are perpetually haunted with a consciousness of the necessities of our condition. A sudden pinch in the waist dispels a philosophic reverie; another in the elbow withdraws us from the contemplation of the poet to the recollection of the tailor; Snip's goose vanquishes Anacreon's dove; while, as regards our position, to lean forward is inconvenient; to lean backward extravagant; to lean sideways impossible. The great secret of happiness is the ability to merge self in the contemplation of nobler objects. This a new coat, as I have just now hinted, forbids. It keeps incessantly intruding itself on our attention. While it flatters our sense of the becoming, it compromises our freedom of thought. While it insinuates that we are the idol of a ball-room, it neutralizes the compliment by a high-pressure power on the short ribs. It bids us be easy, at the expense of respiration; comfortable, with elbows on the rack.

SWIFT AND SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From Sir Walter Scott's Memoirs of Swift.)

In 1693, when Swift executed the revision of *Gulliver's Travels*, he made the most bitter additions to the passages affecting the law and its professors. About the same time he indulged his humours with a most extraordinary mock trial in ridicule of the assizes then about to be held in the county of Meath. The scene was Ardsalla, the house of Mr. Ludlow, where the Jacksons, Grattans, Mr. Stopford, and other favourites of the Dean were assembled. Sheridan, it seems, had been guilty of a petty delinquency in his chamber. The rest shall be abridged from the narrative of Mr. Theophilus Swift:—"A tribunal is erected, and all things prepared in due and regular form. A plain kitchen table is turned with its top downwards, and into this dock Sheridan is put wigless and bare-headed; while Swift himself mounts the seat of justice, with his own wig frizzed and bushed into a full bottom, and set inverted on his head. A servant maid's scarlet cloak is flung over his shoulders, to represent the robes of a judge, and Aaron's band is converted into that of a Chief Justice. The Grand Jury are sworn, and the bill found; the Petty Jury sworn in their turn, and the prisoner put on his trial. The crier commands silence, and the lawyers are ranged. The utmost gravity and decorum prevail, and the only smile that passed on the occasion arose from the ludicrous circumstance of Mr. Stopford, who, being fee'd for the Crown, declared he could not do his duty as a true lawyer unless he should be fee'd on both sides. A second fee is therefore given him, in open court, on behalf of the prisoner; and he told my mother that he actually received by the double fee eighteen shillings. He is said to have conducted himself with wonderful humour and address through the whole of the trial. The Jacksons and Grattans had likewise their respective stations in the cause. Most of the servants are examined, and, spite of prayers and entreaties, Mrs. Ludlow herself is made to swear on the vessel alleged to have suffered pollution. Their verdict, as might be expected, is that of *guilty*; and Swift, with all the solemnity of justice, pronounced sentence of *death* on the trembling Sheridan, awfully concluding with "the Lord have mercy on your soul!" A rope is produced; Sheridan sees he shall be hanged *pro formâ*; out of the dock he springs and flies up stairs, the whole Court in full cry after him. But fear having added wings to his feet, he had sufficient time to bolt his chamber-door, which he barricadoed as well as he could with what furniture was in the room. Here for two hours he remained besieged: at length, he capitulated, on a solemn assurance that he should not be hanged. In a day or two the Judges arrive, and hearing the contempt that Swift had put upon them, send an express with the account of it to the Lord-Lieutenant, who very wisely laughed at the frolic. Not finding the redress they expected, they made a formal complaint to the Bishops, who had nearly resolved to take up the matter seriously; but one more prudent than the rest recommended that the whole should be hushed up.

Poetry.

STANZAS. TO ——

Why with Melpomene for ever stray?—
  Ah! quit the sombre, and forsake the lone,
And teach thy mourning spirit to be gay,
  And tune thy lyre to Mirth's ecstatic tone:
And leave the willow, and the cypress shade,
  For light saloon, and joy-resounding hall,
And go, thy tresses with the myrtle braid,
And glad obey Terpsichore's blythe call
What time she summons to the festive ball.

Nay, answer not with tears, and rending sigh,
  I know what's hidden in thy heart's recess;
Know that the wearied spirit pants to fly
  And quit, for aye, this desert wilderness;—
But days are numbered, and his bidding here
  Man must fulfil: then rouse thee from thy gloom,
Nor, self-abandoned, yield thee to despair:
See! Hope exulting smiles, and o'er the tomb
Shows thee, by Faith revealed, "a world in bloom!"

Liverpool. G.

LORD BYRON'S LAST VERSES.

Missolonghi, Jan. 22, 1824.

On this day I complete my 36th year.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
  Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
  Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
  The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
  Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys
  Is like to some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze,
  A funeral pile.

The hopes, the fears, the jealous care,
  Th' exalted portion of the pain,
And power of love, I cannot share,
  But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here, it is not here,—
  Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now—
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
  Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
  Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
  Was not more free.

Awake not Greece!—she is awake!
  Awake my spirit!—think through whom
My life blood tastes its parent lake—
  And then strike home.

I tread reviving passions down,
  Unworthy manhood—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
  Of beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth why live?
  The land of honourable death
Is here; up to the field, and give
  Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
  A soldier's grave for thee is best:
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
  And take thy rest.

We copy the following piece from a forthcoming volume by Mrs. ELEANOR DICKENSON, who made her successful debut in the *Kaleidoscope*. It forms part of a poem entitled "The Mamluk," which is so connected, that it is not easy to find any other detached part for selection.

THE SLAVE'S SONG.

Ah! why, sweet bird, that mournful strain,
Can grief thy gentle bosom pain,
While denizen of grove and plain
  Thou rovest free,
Unclipped thy wing, bound by no chain,
  At liberty!

Methinks, could I, like thee, explore
The forest green, the mountain hoar,
And o'er the deep blue ocean soar
  On venturous wing,
Not long such mournful plaint I'd pour,
  But blithesome sing;

And from my prison's grated cell,
Ere the first dews of morning fell,
Fly to the land by memory's spell,
  For ever dear,
Where freedom, truth, and friendship swell
  Each breast sincere.

But ah! no wings have I to flee;
Sweet bird! I well may envy thee,
For thou art free, o'er land and sea,
  At large to roam,
Each leafy bower, and verdant tree,
  Thy welcome home.

Then wherefore linger till the day
And cheerful light have fled away,
Ere thou wilt pour thy melting lay
  Amid the grove,
Where the rose blushing chides thy stay,
  Queen of thy love?

Say, dost thou choose the hour of eve,
When sorrow loves the sigh to heave,
And disappointment steals to grieve,
  That thy soft strain,
Harmonious, may awhile relieve
  The sting of pain?

Ah, then sweet bird! when evening gray,
Spreads her dim mantle o'er the day,
Still warble from thy leafy spray,
  Beneath my cell,
And grateful shall my lute repay
  Each mournful swell.

CONSTANCY.

(From Sir Walter Scott's new Drama.)

When the tempest's at the loudest,
  On its gale the eagle rides!
When the ocean rolls the proudest,
  Through the foam the sea-bird glides—
All the rage of wind and sea
Is subdued by constancy.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
  All the ills that men endure;
Each their various pangs combining,
  Constancy can find a cure—
Pain, and fear, and poverty,
Are subdued by constancy.

Bear me from each wonted pleasure,
  Make me abject, mean, and poor;
Heap on insults without measure,
  Chain me to a dungeon floor—
I'll be happy, rich, and free,
If endow'd with constancy.

NIGHT.

(From the "Vale of Bolton, and other Poems," by F. C. Spencer.)

O why does the pictureless void of dim night
  To the mind give a joy more intense
Than the dazzling and many-hued glories of light,
  In the splendour of day can dispense?

And why does that musical silence impart
  Of harmony such a soft spirit?
Beyond the divinest attainment of art,
  In its passion and soul-soothing merit.

O then from the past the dark clouds of time roll,
  And the scenes long forgotten and flown
In mellowed vision return on the soul,
  In the moonlight of memory shown.

To my pillow in sweet visitation repair
  The dear forms I shall ne'er again see;
The dead and the absent; the fond and the fair;
  All I loved, or who loved me.

'Tis therefore I praise thee, compassionate Night,
  Because thou restorest so free,
Remembrances bright of departed delight,—
  Communion that no more shall be!

THE REAL HAVANNAH.

[*A version of* "LOVE'S RITORNELLA" *as sung by Mr. Horley, at Drury-lane.*]

Real Havannah!
  Precious cigar!
Gentle as manna,
  Bright as a star—
Pleasant at fireside,
  Cheery on road—
Best of all perfumes
  At home or abroad.

Real Havannah!
  Puff away care—
Blow my misfortunes
  Into thin air.

Real Havannah!
  O who would dare
Meerschaum or hookah
  With thee compare?
When thy bright tip
  Any mortal may see,
Thou art his choice
  And a smoker is he.

Real Havannah, &c.

Real Havannah!
  Primest of stuff,
Sell me no humbug,
  Vender of snuff—
Think not on me
  You can cut any jokes—
'Tis Toper Thomas
  Himself who now smokes

Real Havannah! &c.

ON TOBACCO.

(From the "Marrow of Compliment," published in 1654.)

Much food doth gluttony procure
  To feed men fat like swine,
But he's a frugal man indeed
  Who on a leaf can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands
  His finger ends to wipe,
Who has his kitchen in his box,
  His roast meat in a pipe.

☞ This quaint little piece was so much to the taste of a certain would-be poet that he lately palmed it off as his own upon the editor of a most respectable newspaper, as was shown in the last *Mercury*.

The Philanthropist.

The object which the members of the Liverpool Provident Society have in contemplation is so commendable, that we have great pleasure in co-operating with them, by giving additional publicity to the excellent sermon, a portion of which we subjoin, with the polite permission of Mr. Aspinall, to whose liberality and philanthropy the discourse is highly creditable.—*Edit. Kal.*

A SERMON

Preached at St. Michael's Church, Liverpool, on Sunday, April 4, 1830, upon the subject of the Provident District Society, now forming in that town.

By the Rev. James Aspinall, A.M.,

Chaplain of St. Michael's, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right. Hon. Lord Clonbrock.

"*Love as Brethren.*"—1 Peter, iii, 1.

Whatever has a tendency to make this beautiful and ennobling precept the principle of our conduct; whatever is calculated to knit more closely the bonds of affection and kindness between man and man; whatever has for its object the advantage of our fellow-creatures; whatever studies their temporal and eternal good, or even their temporal only, where it does not clash with their eternal welfare,—all these must surely be confessed to be purposes of that high and holy stamp becoming to a Christian, and necessary to form his character as "a member of Christ and a child of God."

It is, doubtless, known to most of you that, at the present time, efforts are making in this large and populous town to establish a society which would attempt, if not effect, all the objects specified above. It is to be named "*The Provident District Society.*" My intention, on this occasion, is to confine your thoughts to certain reflections and considerations which are suggested by the subject. The first notion of forming such a society in the town of Liverpool (it is but just to state the fact) emanated from an individual whose name has, for years, been honourably and proverbially associated with the very idea of every thing benevolent and charitable; I mean, Mrs. Fry. A meeting was convened to take her views of the matter into consideration, and a committee appointed to organize and digest such a plan as might seem best calculated to carry them into effect. The report of this committee is now made; and as soon as all the machinery shall be prepared and arranged, the districts marked out, funds raised, and visiters appointed, it is intended to put in motion what we may truly hail as a mighty engine of public good. The limits of a discourse will not allow me to go into all the details of the plan, nor, indeed, is it necessary. It will be sufficient to state generally what are proposed as objects of the society. They are "to relieve sickness and unavoidable misfortune; to encourage industry and frugality, by allowing a small premium upon any deposits made with the society; to suppress mendicity and imposture; to advise the poor to send their children to school; to study the Scriptures, to attend some place of worship, and apply to all the other means of grace and salvation; studiously abstaining, however, from all interference with any peculiar religious opinions, and avoiding every thing which might approach to a spirit of proselytism." Such are the ends which this society purposes to attempt. They are briefly told, but are very comprehensive in their nature. That full success will crown the undertaking, I am not prepared either to assert or deny; but one thing I am prepared to maintain, and I think you will join me in doing so, that if the greater part, or some, or even any of the objects set forth be accomplished, the projectors of this scheme of benevolence will not think that they have spent their labour of love in vain. Although their hopes may not have been answered, they will deem their exertions to have been amply repaid. But the event may be,—God grant it may be so!—that even their hopes shall not be disappointed.

Here, for a few moments, let me turn your thoughts more directly to the text, "Love as brethren," while I state how this society is likely to work for its reception into the hearts of men, to make the rich and the poor, the high and the humble, feel interested for each other, mutually anxious for each other's welfare, and acknowledging themselves to be one family, the children of their heavenly Father. In country parishes, where the population is thin, this delightful feeling is for the most part strongly cherished. The richest man of the village is familiarly acquainted with the persons, the circumstances, the wants of every one around him. The unrestrained freedom and innocence of rural manners lead him into conversation with all whom he meets in the course of his daily walks. He hears their simple tale of poverty or distress, expresses his sympathy while he gives relief, and thus awakens an interest in the heart of him whom he assists, and in his own heart feels an interest for the object of his assistance. And, in this way, to "to love as brethren," grows into the natural feeling of both parties; it becomes rooted firmly in their breasts, is entwined, as it were, about their way of thinking. The tenant, the villager, the poor, all cling, like the ivy to the oak, to him whose birth and fortune have placed him at their head, and anxiously watch for his welfare as if it were their own; while the latter scorns not the kindly homage of their affections, but repays it by more and more studying their good, feeling himself strong in their strength, happy in their love. This is no picture of the imagination, but what may be daily seen by any who will go forth from the bustle of towns and cities to look for it in the country. When, however, men crowd and herd together, the very force of circumstances is opposed to the existence of the brotherly love recommended by the Apostle; that is, opposed to its voluntarily starting into life and action, as it does in the case before described. As the mulitude swells into thousands, tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands, the lines of demarcation between the different orders and classes of society are more and more widened; for the simple reason, that it is utterly impossible even for the persons of the congregated mass to be known to each other, much less their circumstances or wants; and therefore, and not on account of any change or fault in human nature, they are strangers to the mutual interest and sympathy which form so prominent a feature in the character of the inhabitants of the country. The rich, consequently, present themselves to the poor as a distinct and separate caste,—*as the rich;* while the poor are merely regarded—*as the poor.* If there be any exceptions, they are but few, arising from men being thrown more together as the employers and the employed, or other accidental causes. Even those countless institutions which benevolence has everywhere set on foot for the relief of poverty, distress, and disease, comparatively speaking, do but little towards awakening a brotherly feeling amongst the various ranks of society. The rich are givers under the impulse of abstract charity, without knowing the particular persons to whom their assistance will be extended. The poor are not all receivers of this bounty, and those who are have only a vague notion that somebody has done something for them, without their gratitude being fixed upon any particular quarter. On both sides the connecting links of love, the interest, the sympathy, are wanting. Now the society under our consideration is of a nature very likely to call these feelings into life and action, if not to the full, at least so far as they can be awakened in densely populated places. The poor, by constantly seeing the visiters of the society approach their abodes; by receiving from these, the representatives, as it were, of the higher orders, advice and instruction; by hearing their inquiries as to their state and wants, and having relief administered in cases of need, will gradually be taught to feel that those whom fortune has placed above them, have not forgotten that all men should "love as brethren;" have not forgotten to be interested and anxious for others, to whom has not been dealt so large a portion of this world's goods. The rich, on the other hand, the founders and supporters of the society, will, through their visiters, be made acquainted with the exact circumstances of the poor; and this acquaintance cannot but excite them to feel a stronger interest in their behalf, and to make greater efforts for their relief. And thus will the bonds of love, of Christian kindness and compassion, be drawn more closely round the hearts of all classes among men. They will begin to regard themselves as born for each other's good; to look upon themselves as indeed members of one family, the children of that God who has declared himself to be "love," and who would have all men seek his image and likeness, by loving one another as he has loved them.

As yet our society has had the happy fortune to meet with but one objection, and that is rather insinuated and breathed, than asserted and urged, against it. The religious instruction, it is said, which the visiters are to impart, is of too vague and undefined and general a character: something more marked, more decided, should have been adopted, as the ground-work of spiritual teaching. To the man who thus objects from a narrow and sectarian feeling, from a spirit of bigotry, because his own religious views have not been forced upon the society, as the only standard of truth under which the crusade of charity shall be carried on, I have little to say beyond a word of earnest advice, that he will speedily consign so unchristian a temper to the grave of oblivion, as a relic and spectre of darker ages. Let him forget it; let him regard it as a thing that has never been. Within the walls of God's house, his temple made with hands, let him offer the sacrifice of his peculiar opinions to the throne of Heaven; yea, let him at all times treasure them in his heart, as the strong and becoming features of that faith which he imbibes from the study of revelation. But, when he goes forth to that wider temple of the Lord which includes the whole earth, from east to west, from pole to pole, let him not refuse to stand together with worshippers of all sects and creeds, and offer the sacrifice of charity on the altar of their common God.

Nor shall I stay much longer to argue with them whose objection to the religious instruction proposed by the society rests also upon the idea that it is too general; and, therefore, they fear lest their church, by being seen in contact with other churches, and brought into comparison with them, should lose its influence over the hearts and minds of men. This reason for objection I only mention, because I have heard it made by the followers of more than one sect. But how strange a fear is this for any man to indulge! What a degrading notion of the church to which he belongs must possess the mind of him who can anticipate any thing but an addition of influence and an increase of strength to her, as often as circumstances bring her into a comparison with others! His faith in her must be a faith of habit, not conviction, if (to borrow somewhat of a metaphor used by a splendid statesman, now no more) he dreads that the puncture of a pin, the mere approach to a contact with the opinions of other churches, should cause her to descend from the clouds of sublimity to which his previous notions had elevated her.

But when we turn to those who hold the objection on conscientious grounds, honestly regretting that religious instruction of a more extended and decisive character does not enter into the views of the society; to men of this class it is due that we should say something more to satisfy their scruples. In the first place, I would observe, that, even if it were more exclusively of a temporal nature than it is, they should not bewail the sacrifice of the care, and vigilance, and time, and means required: were the earth necessities of their fellow-men the only objects sou be relieved, they should rush to the work with ness and alacrity. Surely, when the most d thusiast counts up the number, the

number, of societies which are labouring for the diffusion of the gospel at home and abroad; when he considers that, in whatever region of the world the banner of England floats to the wind, Christian zeal has hastened to plant the standard of the Cross by its side; that to whatever lands her winged vessels, sent forth by commercial enterprise, have penetrated, the light of truth has been also carried;—surely, I say, he should not withhold his support on this occasion, because all his wishes are not quite attempted. But to look at the matter yet more closely, it must be recollected that the Provident District Society is a society which expects to rank men of all sects and opinions among its friends and patrons. To the committee, appointed to draw up the report, which is before the public, it would, of course, appear that to send forth visiters among the poor to inculcate morality, honesty, and other virtues, without any charge; to speak to them of religion, which is the parent and cause of all virtue, would be to attempt an absurdity,—would be to act like a man who should endeavour to build a house from the roof, instead of the foundation, strive to make ropes of sand, or undertake any other work of folly which the maniac alone would labour to perform. The question, then, would be, to fix upon some exact point to which they could advance, keeping all sects in perfect unanimity, and beyond which they could not go without their unanimity being dissolved. And, I think, it must be allowed that this point has been defined and marked out with very sound judgment and very good sense, when we hear from the report, that the visiters are "to encourage the poor to send their children to school; to study the Scriptures; to attend some place of worship, and apply to all the other means of grace and salvation; studiously abstaining, however, from all interference with any peculiar religious opinions, and avoiding every thing which might approach to a spirit of proselytism." Let us suppose that the committee had adopted the views of some particular sect, as the ground-work of the religious instruction to be imparted by the visiters of the society—what would have been the consequence? The whole work would have fallen upon the followers of that sect, who would have steered their little bark along the narrow stream of charity, in momentary danger of grounding or being cast away; whereas now, the common labour and undertaking of all, it is launched forth like the tall vessel on the waters of the ocean—only to be overwhelmed by some unforeseen and unusual tempest. In the one case little would be done, even if all attempted were accomplished; in the other much might be achieved, although full success should not be obtained. Or let us suppose that every visiter had been licensed and empowered, by the rules of the society, to labour for the spread of his own peculiar tenets among those whom he was appointed to superintend. How soon would the character of the visiter have been lost in that of the missionary! What jealousies and envyings would have sprung up, as the work of proselyting from each other went on! Of a truth, such a permission, such a rule as this, would have been what Joseph's coat of many colours was to his brethren—a cause of heartburnings, and strife, and animosity. The adoption of it would have been to send the society, like a sickly infant, into the world with the marks and symptoms of mortality and rapid decay stamped upon it; would have been to consign it to a sudden and violent death in its very cradle. But, as it was before said, in this instance "wisdom has been justified of her children." Very great discretion has been evinced in pointing out the extent of religious instruction, which the visiters are to impart, so as to give cause to no man to withhold his aid and help, from any feeling or suspicion that, under the garb of a charitable work, an attempt is making to undermine his faith, and win from its ranks those who have hitherto held it with him. For my own part, much as I rejoice to see the Church of England in her career of solitary charity, when none will help her, much more exceedingly do I rejoice to see her girding herself for this holy race, this rivalry of love, this "provocation to good works," upon which all sects are about to enter in Christian love and Christian zeal. And, I think, without approaching to any thing like enthusiasm, we may venture to anticipate results, from the formation of this society, far beyond what its projectors contemplate,—results that will do much towards effecting an object which the hosts of heaven have not deemed unworthy of their song,—"On earth peace, good will toward men." For if persons of different persuasions and opinions can only be brought to act together, they will gradually learn to think more together. They will examine, and sift, and try each other's religious views. And when they do this, many will find that they have been differing from their neighbours entirely through misapprehension and misconception; many, that they exactly agree with those from whom they thought themselves as remote as the antipodes are asunder; many, that their separation from one another has been on account of forms rather than realities, words rather than things; while all will be taught to respect and love each other, and be forward to join in the psalmist's exclamation, "Behold how good and pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" But, even if this hoped-for assimilation of opinions among men do not take place, still a mighty victory is achieved over the prejudices of darker times, when people of various creeds agree to make the holy experiment, whether they cannot run the race of Christian love together, and I trust, that in the working of the Provident Society a spectacle will be presented to the moral gaze, in the sight of persons of every different shade of faith, all actively pursuing the common end of charity, as beautiful and lovely as the rainbow affords to the eye of man, with all its various hues so happily blended and intermixed, that the effect is far more pleasing, far more striking, than if some single colour presented itself for admiration.

To be concluded in our next.

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Biographical Notices.

EXTRACT FROM THE FORTHCOMING MEMOIRS OF THE LATE CAPTAIN HUGH CROWE.

(Arranged for the press by Mr. James Scott Walker.)

BATTLE BETWEEN THE SHIP MARY, OF LIVERPOOL, AND TWO BRITISH SHIPS OF WAR.

On the 1st of December, 1806, our author, on the passage from Africa to Barbadoes, fell in, at night fall, with two vessels to the northward of Cayenne, and as he had, on former voyages, encountered and fought two French vessels near the same place, he naturally concluded they were enemies from that colony, and sought to avoid them. Finding, however, that there was no possibility of avoiding a contest, he called all hands to quarters, and thus addressed them:—

"'Sailors and shipmates! You are aware that I have done every thing in my power to keep clear of these Frenchmen, but all, as you observe, in vain. Your conduct, on all occasions since we have been together, has been noble and brave; worthy, indeed, of the high character of true British seamen; and I hope and trust you will stand by me this night; for, rather than be taken and sent to a French prison, of which I had enough some years ago, I am fully determined to defend the ship to the last, and even to go down with her sooner than strike.'

"To a man they cheerfully expressed their willingness to fight to the last, and I concluded by saying, 'Commend yourselves, my brave fellows! to the care of Providence; let us have no cursing or swearing, but stand to your quarters; and, such is my opinion of your abilities and courage, that I have no doubt that, should even both vessels attack us, we shall triumphantly beat them off; and woe be to them if they attempt to board us!'

"We were not long left in that silent and intense anxiety that immediately precedes an engagement at sea, for I had scarcely uttered these words when the vessel we had last seen, and which loomed large in the obscurity, came up astern and hailed us, ordering us, in the same breath, to bring to. I was too well aware that the French cruisers had a trick of hailing in English when they thought the deception would favour their purpose, to obey this command, under all the circumstances; and I calmly replied that *I would not, and that no one should bring us to, in those seas, in the night.* He thereupon fired two shots, and we returned him one. In a few minutes after I saw a ship close to us, with her starboard tacks on board, evidently the consort of the other. She passed under our stern, and also hailed us, but I could not distinctly hear, or understand, the words that were spoken. I answered, at random and as loudly as I could, that we were the Rambler, off a cruize, and bound to Jamaica, repeating that no strange vessel should bring us to, in those seas, during the night. The ship held on her course, and having, as I conceived, spoken the other vessel, which was now some distance astern, they both made sail after us. The vessel that first hailed us came up very fast, and, though the night was very dark, I perceived she was a large brig. She again hailed us in English, to the same purport as before, but the words were so imperfectly heard amid the jabble of the sea and the murmurs on board both vessels, that it was impossible to distinguish whether they were pronounced with a foreign accent or not; and I made the same answer as before. She then rounded to, and poured a broadside into our starboard quarter. We resolutely returned her fire, at close quarters, for some time. She then took her station at some distance, and we fought for about one glass, when (about ten p.m.) her consort, the ship, came up on our larboard side, and they both closed and simultaneously engaged us.

"We had now, it must be allowed, got into a warm birth, but I was no whit dispirited, and we continued to blaze away upon them as quickly as we could load and fire. I was busily employed animating the crew, by all the cheering language I could muster, and in giving directions for the skilful elevation of the guns, so that every shot might tell. Whilst thus engaged, I received a violent blow from a splinter on the left arm, near the shoulder, which staggered me a good deal, and disabled me for a time; but this none of the crew observed in the darkness of the night, and I did not mention it; for I knew that in my safety, during the conflict, they conceived their own, in a great measure, depended.

"Meantime the balls of the enemy continued to whistle about us in every direction, occasionally carrying away some of our rigging, and flying through our hull; and to

all appearance the conflict was only to terminate with the entire expenditure of our ammunition. The flashes from the enemy's guns on each side, which we at first saw with some natural apprehensions, became quite familiar; and we grew callous even to the occasional crash of a ball through the ship's side. On looking round (after a broadside from one of our antagonists) I saw the man at the wheel desert his post, and run forward, as if for safety. I instantly sung out, 'What! is it possible we have a coward in the Mary?' The poor fellow no sooner heard this expression of reproach than he resumed his station as speedily as he had left it, and said he hoped I would excuse his alarm at the time. Indeed, when I came to know the fact I could scarcely blame him; he had been stunned by the wind of a large shot, which struck the afterpart of the mizenmast, just over his head. All hands but he and myself being at the main-deck guns, he had no one to assist him in attending to the ship and the wheel, and in his solitary and exposed situation the shock naturally staggered his resolution. Companionship, I conceive, lessens the sense of danger, and inspires fortitude; or, in other words, frequently 'screws the courage' of those who would otherwise waver to the 'sticking place.'

"While all were thus engaged on the deck, I did not forget to station the stout armourer in the main-top, to be in readiness to haul up the combustible jars, wherewith to confound our enemies if they attempted to board us. I continued to move from place to place, giving instructions and animating my crew, who boldly stood to their quarters and fought like heroes. It was now past midnight, and the firing of the enemy and our own kept up a constant din like the bursting of continued peals of thunder. I began to marvel that no fatality had yet occurred amongst us; and the thought had scarcely struck me before a large shot, entering a gun-port, took off both the boatswain's thighs. Another, entering the men's room below, wounded a great number of blacks, five of whom soon after died. The cries of the dying and the wounded were truly pitiable; and the feeling of resistance, by which we had throughout been actuated, was now mingled with a desire to avenge their sufferings. Several of my brave crew were soon after wounded, but, though we were between the fire of both vessels, we continued to blaze away with unabated animation. At length, after having been engaged for nearly six hours, to my great joy, I saw the ship all at once back her topsails and drop astern. In my satisfaction I sung out, 'I think, my brave fellows, we have sickened them both, and your names will be honourably mentioned by our friends in Liverpool for your resolute conduct in this action!' At these words they wished to give me three cheers, but this I overruled, and desired that they would all return to their quarters, which they did; for what I had said was rather in encouragement lest we should again be attacked than in anticipation that we should be suffered to proceed, so unequally matched, without further molestation. The result proved that I was not too sanguine. The ship had not continued long astern before she made sail, again came up to us, and resumed the action as fiercely as ever. We engaged them both, tooth and nail, until the gray of the morning, when I was struck so violently on my left side by a splinter, that I fell breathless, and, for a time, senseless on the deck. The man at the helm, on seeing me fall, sung out that the captain was killed. Brave as my fine fellows were, as well as their officers, the circumstance had an immediate effect in depressing their spirits; and, worn out by exertion and fatigue, they all began to leave their quarters and gather round me. One of the officers, in the name of his shipmates, said, 'Captain Crowe, you have done every thing that a man could do to defend the ship, and we are no longer in a state to continue the action: our rigging is much cut up, and our hull so battered that she makes a deal of water.' Before I could recover breath to reply, Mr. Scott, the chief mate added, '—and, Sir, we have struck the colours!' which words were more afflicting to me than the bodily pain I endured, and, raising myself on the deck, I earnestly besought them again to hoist the colours, to return to their quarters, and to give the enemy three or four more broadsides to conclude with. My hope was, that as 'a chance shot would kill the devil,' we might carry away some of their masts, or so injure them as to turn the scales of battle in our favour; but my entreaties were in vain: the poor fellows, conceiving all further attempts against two such vessels, each of which was now plainly seen to be superior in force to our own, would be madness, were not to be induced to rally. Our opponents, in the meantime, although a lantern was hoisted at the peak to signify that we had struck, still continued to fire upon us; nor did they desist until the lantern, the object of which they had mistaken, was cut down. I was then obliged to submit to the painful necessity of a surrender, and carried from the deck and laid on a mattress in the cabin in a state of mental and bodily suffering which I shall not attempt to describe; while the crew hastened to collect their clothes, expecting to be immediately taken on board of the enemy's vessels as prisoners of war.

"When the boats came alongside, these poor fellows were standing at the gangway, ready to surrender: but what was our astonishment, and, I may add, our dismay, when we found that those who boarded us were our own countrymen, and that we had been all the while fighting two English men-of-war! One was the Dart, sloop-of-war, carrying thirty guns, thirty-two-pounders; the other the Wolverine, carrying eighteen guns, also thirty-two-pounders. This astounding intelligence, added to the disappointment and bodily pain I before suffered, so powerfully affected my mind, that I was, for a while, insensible to every thing, except to the idea that a serious and irremediable misfortune had befallen me; and, in my anguish and vexation, I struck my head several times so violently against the cabin floor, that the blood started from my mouth and nostrils. Had I not been restrained by friendly hands, I know not to what extremity my frenzy might have borne me; as it was, the blows were such that I have never since perfectly recovered from their effects. The thought flashed across me that my employer and the world would consider me highly culpable and rash, though I acted according to the best of my judgment for the preservation of the ship. I lamented, moreover, the loss of life which had taken place, and the situation of the wounded; nor was I without apprehension that the commanders of the sloops-of-war might construe my conduct into wilful obstinacy. These painful feelings were in some degree relieved by a flow of tears; but my sufferings were yet acute when I was visited by two lieutenants, who, in the most polite and feeling manner, used every endeavour to console me with respect to the unfortunate action. One of them in particular, whose name was, I think, Mr. Richardson, of the Dart, was extremely kind and considerate, observing that no blame whatever could be attributed to me, and that, had they both been French vessels, as I supposed them to be, we should certainly have beaten them off. With respect to themselves, he informed me they had taken us for a large French privateer, of thirty-six guns, that had long annoyed our trade in that quarter, and for which they had been on the look-out for some time."

At daylight our author's crew found the ship almost reduced to a wreck, and making a good deal of water by the shot-holes in her hull. They were soon after boarded by two lieutenants, who treated them with great politeness and consideration; and before they parted to proceed on their voyage, the commander of the Dart furnished our author with a certificate, in which he states that he had "defended his ship in a running action, under the fire of his Majesty's sloop under my command, and also his Majesty's sloop Wolverine, both carrying thirty-two-pounders, from about ten p. m. till near daylight the next morning, in a most gallant manner, (supposing us French cruizers, from Cayenne) and did not give up till his rigging and sails were nearly cut to pieces, and several of his people (six of the number afterwards died) wounded."

Tide Table.

Days.	Morn.	Even.	Height.	Festivals, &c.
	h. m.	h. m.	ft. in.	
Tuesday .. 1	7 39	8 9	11 9	Whit Tuesday. Nicom.
Wednesday 2	8 35	8 59	12 5	Oxford Term begins.
Thursday 3	9 21	9 42	13 5	
Friday 4	10 1	10 19	14 4	[berland born.
Saturday.. 5	10 37	10 54	15 1	Boniface. Duke of Cum-
Sunday.... 6	11 11	11 27	15 10	Trinity Sund. Full Moon,
Monday .. 7	11 44	——	16 4	[2h. 6m. evening.
Tuesday .. 8	0 1	0 19	16 7	

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
May										
19	29	64	55	0	57	0	62	0	W.	Cloudy.
20	29	73	52	0	55	0	63	0	E.	Fair.
21	29	70	48	0	52	0	61	0	E.S.E.	Fair.
22	29	73	42	0	52	0	60	0	S.E.	Cloudy.
23	29	70	45	0	55	0	61	0	E.S.E.	Rain.
24	29	50	50	0	55	0	58	0	S.S.E.	Rain.
25	29	40	49	0	56	0	64	0	S.S.E.	Fair.

22d, Heavy rain during night.—25th, Five, a.m. heavy rain; eight, a.m. rain; ten, a.m. showery.

Miscellanies.

THE STEAM CARRIAGE.

The New-road, in the vicinity of Portland-place, was electrified yesterday, at five o'clock, by the appearance of a steam carriage, which threaded all the difficulties of a crowded passage without any apparent impulse. There was neither smoke nor noise—there was no external force or palpable direction—the carriage seemed to move by its own volition, passing by horses without giving them the least alarm; describing half circles round the corners; trying short races with stanhopes and cabriolets, and flying with the same rapid and steady pace over the most unequal ground. Five gentlemen and a lady were quite at their ease as passengers—one gentleman directed the moving principle, and another appeared to sit unconcerned behind, but his object was ascertained to be the care of the fuel and water. It was altogether a startling and uncommon sight; but it was evidently a complete triumph of the principle, and the success of these carriages was, in the opinion of the spectators, completely established. The carriage was lightly and conveniently built, not larger nor heavier than a common phaeton. It went without the least vibration, and preserved a balance in the most complicated movements. The pace was varied from five to twelve miles an hour according to pleasure, and the stoppage or accelerated progress was effected with the quickness of thought. It was amusing to hear the cries of wonder which burst from the crowd, and the exclamations of delight which escaped from several ladies, who stopped their carriages to witness the exhibition. It was still more entertaining to mark the rage of the Paddington omnibus and stage drivers, who lingered with curses to behold a coach in motion without guide or horses. Rival whips reconciled their differences to vow vengeance to the march of intellect; and many a hackney-coachman sighed as it passed along at his own approaching end, when juries will return no other verdict on dead drivers, than "died by steam." The horses, though the most interested in these innovations, seemed to be the least affected by them. There was neither fire, smoke, nor noise to terrify them, and they preserved an equanimity foreign to their master's bosoms—even some donkeys that were present, were equally thoughtless of futurity, and there was not one symptom of discontent to justify an apprehension that a steamer on the road would be a terror to any quadruped. After an exhibition of half an hour, the carriage went into a yard in Albany-street, and it was announced that it would appear this day at the same hour.—*Globe, May* 26

THE SEA SERPENT AGAIN.

Captain Delano, of the schooner Eagle, arrived at Charleston, on the 27th of March, from Turtle River, has furnished the editor of the *Charleston Courier* with the following particulars, to the truth of which he declares himself willing, with his whole crew, to make affidavit:—"On Monday, 22d instant, at ten o'clock, a. m., when about one mile inside St. Simon's Bar, Georgia, endeavouring to beat out, observed, at the distance of three hundred yards, a large object, resembling an alligator, occasionally moving along in the same course with the vessel, and at times lying nearly motionless upon the surface. Captain Delano, finding himself likely to approach very near this strange visitor, charged a musket with ball, and tacked so as to run within twenty or twenty-five yards of him, at a moment when he was lying perfectly still, and apparently unconcerned. Captain Delano took deliberate aim at the back of his head, the only part then exposed, and fired, the ball evidently taking effect. Instantly, to the no small astonishment and apprehension of the crew, the monster roused himself, and made directly for the vessel, contracting his body, and giving two or three tremendous sweeps with his tail as he passed, the first striking the stem, and producing a shock which was very sensibly felt by all on board. On seeing his approach, the captain jumped upon his deck load of cotton, and the whole crew, including the man at the helm, were not less prompt in consulting their safety. They had all a fair opportunity to observe their enemy, both before and after the shot, and concur in describing him as upwards of seventy feet in length; his body as large or larger than a sixty-gallon cask, of a gray colour, shaped like an eel, without any visible fins, and apparently covered with scales, the back being full of joints or hunches. The head and mouth resembled those of an alligator, the former about ten feet long, and as large as a hogshead! He believed that this formidable nondescript had sufficient strength to injure seriously, if not totally destroy, a vessel of the Eagle's size, by a single blow fairly given."—*New York paper.*

MR. WEBBE'S LECTURES ON MUSIC.

The editor of the *Mercury*, in the course of a reply to a correspondent as to the truth of the report that Mr. Webbe has it in contemplation to deliver a course of lectures in Manchester, says:—

"Our neighbours in Manchester have long had the reputation of being more devoted to music than our townsmen, and their amateur concerts have generally been admitted to be superior to ours, a circumstance which we may perhaps ascribe to the number of foreigners, especially Germans, usually resident in that great emporium of manufactures.

"We think it very probable that, in a town where Mr. Webbe's acknowledged talents as a theoretical and practical musician would be so well appreciated, a course of lectures, similar to that delivered in Liverpool, might prove very successful. We shall, however, take the liberty to offer a word of friendly advice to Mr. W. on this occasion. As the journeys to and from Manchester would necessarily abstract much from his valuable time, independent of the expenses of travelling, what we recommend is, that he should announce his attention to attend there on stated days, provided a sufficient number of subscribers came forward to render the speculation prudent. We should suppose that there would not be much difficulty in obtaining, at least, a hundred signatures to the list; and that number would probably be a sufficient inducement to Mr. Webbe to undertake the task.

"Whilst we are upon this subject, we may as well advert to a letter we saw a few days since, addressed by a Manchester gentleman to a friend in Bury, upon this very subject. The former, adverting to the report of Mr. Webbe's intended visit to Manchester, inquired from his friend whether the lectures would not be rather abstruse, and calculated rather for the skilful theorist than the less profound musician or mere amateur. As other persons may labour under the same impression, and as the number of proficients in the theory of music bears a very small proportion indeed to that of its practical votaries, we shall here observe, that Mr. Webbe's lectures are calculated to please and instruct all those who feel an interest in music, as he has succeeded, in a very remarkable manner, in rendering the subject attractive to all his hearers, not only by the excellence of the lectures themselves, as literary and historical compositions, but by the masterly and well-selected specimens with which he so tastefully illustrates the charming science of which he is so distinguished an ornament."

LECTURES ON EARLY EDUCATION.

(From the Chester Chronicle, May 28.)

Mr. John Smith delivered his first lecture on this important subject, in the Royal Hotel Assembly-room, on Wednesday evening. Although the weather was particularly unfavourable, (the rain fell in torrents) and notwithstanding the attraction of the infant Roscius at the Theatre, the lecture was pretty numerously and most respectably attended by families, most of the ladies and gentlemen entrusted with the education of youth of both sexes in this city and neighbourhood, and by a considerable number of those persons who interest themselves in promoting the education of all classes of the rising generation. As this lecture is chiefly preliminary, we shall postpone any detailed observations upon it until we have heard the second. We may, however, say, that the end, and main design of the system of early education proposed for adoption is, to "train up a child in the way he *should* go"—to inculcate none but useful and correct ideas from the earliest infancy—in short, to take care that a child shall never learn any thing it must afterwards *unlearn*;—to render, in a more advanced stage of tutelage, the communication and acquirement of knowledge (to whatever extent it may be pursued) pleasing to the parent or teacher, and agreeable to the pupil;—and, finally, to save so much of the time and labour usually spent in acquiring what we shall call the elements of education, as will give increased facilities, both as to time and mental energy, for prosecuting the higher branches of intellectual culture, which improve and adorn our nature, with advantage and success.

We must also say, that we entirely concur in Mr. Smith's views as to the fitness of the means proposed, as far as they have been yet developed for attaining the end in view; and that we have derived much pleasure, and we trust, some benefit, from his lecture. It was very well received throughout, and, at its conclusion, several persons present, personally unknown to Mr. S., advanced to the table to offer their congratulations and thanks, and to inspect Mr. Dolier's improved copy-books, which were exhibited to the company on this occasion. As several persons, who had expressed their determination to be present, were unable to attend, in consequence of the unfavourable state of the weather, Mr. Smith was induced to repeat the first lecture last night to a numerous and respectable auditory.

THE VOLCANO KLOOTCHEFSKY.

At the back of the village (Klutchee) rises the volcano Klootchefsky, rearing his flaming head a considerable distance above the clouds. This huge mountain, towering to the skies, is a perfect cone, decreasing gradually from its enormous base to the summit. Klootchefsky may, perhaps, be inferior to Mount Etna in size, but it certainly surpasses it in beauty. The summit is eternally covered with snow, and from the crater issues a volume of flame and smoke that streaks the sky for many miles. Sometimes quantities of fine ashes are thrown out, which fall almost imperceptibly, and impregnate the atmosphere, so as to be inhaled in breathing. The inhabitants informed me that they affect the lungs, and produce a tickling cough and a swelling of the glands, similar to that occasioned by a suppression of perspiration. When a pure flame issues from the crater of Klootchefsky, it is seen at the Tigil and Aleuters coast, at the distance of 300 wersts. I thought the valley of Sherrom very beautiful; but the sublime is so happily blended with the beautiful, that I gave the preference to Klutchee, and nothing can exceed the grandeur and majesty of Klootchefsky.

The inhabitants also informed me that this volcano had once thrown out a whitish clammy substance, like honey, which stuck to the fingers, and was perfectly sweet to the taste, but disappeared about noon-day, when the sun shone out bright and warm. From their description of this phenomenon, I am rather inclined to think it must have been what is called the honey dew, which has fallen in other parts of the world, particularly in the Carolinas and South America. It is greatly to be regretted that this sublime object is situated in such a remote corner of the world. There are warm mineral springs on the river Klutchee.—*Dobell's Travels in Kamschatka and Siberia.*

Fashions for June.

BALL DRESS.—Dress of white blonde gauze, over a pale pink satin slip; from a white rose on each shoulder a pink ribbon is draped and confined under another white rosette, above the centre of a pink satin belt. The skirt is trimmed with blush roses, each being united by a satin loop; the hem is formed by a rich gauze ribbon, figured with white satin. The hair is arranged in large *Madonna* curls, which are somewhat drawn up and heightened by a wreath of blush roses, without leaves.

DINNER AND CARRIAGE DRESS.—Hat of rice straw, trimmed with bunches of the pink azalia. Ribbons of light green, shaded *à milk rayes*, the stripes very minute, and shot with white. The dress is of soft gros de Naples of prismatic rose colour, the lights of which are bright lilac; many other varieties of colour in shot silk are used, but this is a favourite. The corsage is made with large horizontal plaits, confined up the front with a band. The shoulders trimmed with three falls of silk; the edges are worked in loose floss silk into small points; these falls are seen one below the other, and narrow till they meet in front, under the belt, which is broad and plain, of the same material as the dress. The sleeves are full at top, and likewise cut full, slanting to the wrist. They are lightly plaited under a band at the elbow, and plaited to correspond at the wrist, where the sleeve is confined under a broad gold band, clasped by a large topaz. A very rich double *ruche* of leaves, like the dress, worked in points, surrounds the skirt somewhat lower than the knees. The bottom and top leaves are placed reverse to each other, and are separated by a rouleau of the same material as the dress. The only addition made to this dress, when worn for the carriage, is a lace pelerine, with the ends in front, worn under the band and made to come through a little.

WALKING DRESS.—Hat of white crape, with two white and green plumes laid very near the edge of the front. The ribbons of primrose colour, a great deal puffed on the inner front. The pelisse is of gros de Naples, the tender new green, called by the French *vert colibri*. It robes back with lapels to show a folded *gilet* made of plaited silk, the same as the dress, and a *chemisette* fastened in front with pearl ornaments. A full double *ruche* surrounds the throat, and a cravat is worn of white silk, with a lace rosette in front. A narrow plaited trimming of silk falls over the fullness of the sleeves and passes round the back; it is continued gradually narrowing to the belt, which clasps in front with a cipher buckle. The sleeves are of great width at the elbow, and are plaited down the arm *à la pingotte*, at the wrist three fleur-de-lis are embroidered, and the whole sleeve is finished by a full short *ruche* at the hand. The pelisse is closed by embroidered fleur-de-lis, placed horizontally and united by rosettes. The hem of the dress is finished with a border of plaited silk, like the ornaments of the *corsage*. Half-boots of green morocco and cachemire, to match the colour of the dress. There is something exquisitely finished and tasteful in the *toute ensemble* of this figure.

Correspondence.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will please to give insertion to the following in your highly respectable publication, the *Kaleidoscope*, and I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing the question answered by some one of your numerous readers, in an early number, and you will oblige a constant reader, PHILOTECHNUS.

Amlwch, May 7, 1830.

QUESTION.

One of the smarts in the accountant's office making his addresses in an old lady's family, in which were five fine daughters, she told him that their father had made a whimsical will, which might not soon be settled in Chancery, and, till then, he must discontinue his visits. The young gentleman undertook to unravel the will, which imported that the first four of her girl's fortunes were, together, to make £25,000; the four last, £33,000; the three last, with the first, £30,000; the three first, with the last, £28,000; and the two last and two first, £32,000. Now, Sir, if you can make it appear what each is to have, and as you like, seemingly, my third daughter, Charlotte—I am sure she will make you a good wife,—and you are welcome,—what was Miss Charlotte's fortune?

To Correspondents.

CURIOSITIES OF CHESS.—We intimated, last week, that we had in our possession several rare articles respecting Chess, which we shall take an early opportunity of laying before our readers. We have prepared them for insertion, and shall, probably, introduce a portion of them into the next *Kaleidoscope*.

MUSIC.—A correspondent says he has in his possession a manuscript copy of the music and words of the Evening Song to the Virgin mentioned in Sterne's Maria, which is at our service for insertion in the *Kaleidoscope*. We are obliged for the offer, and will thank our correspondent for a sight of the score, that we may form our own judgment on its merits.

MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES'S LECTURES.—It would be impossible, consistently with our other avocations, to attend regularly to give full reports of this gentleman's lectures; neither would it be quite fair, as the discourses are copyright. We gave, it is true, a pretty detailed report of Dr. Spurzheim's lectures on phrenology; but this was undertaken at the especial solicitation of a particular friend of the Doctor, whose invitation released us from the delicacy we should otherwise have felt in publishing, at considerable length, what must be considered as the Doctor's copyright. Whether we are right or wrong with respect to Mr. Knowles, the suggestion of *Jacques* comes too late to effect the object of the writer, as three lectures have already been delivered.

DISTANT FRIENDS.—Our *New York Correspondent* will find that we have executed his commission, which we have had much pleasure in doing gratuitously. We beg Professor Griscam to accept our regards, and to remember us respectfully to Professor Silliman, the periodical arrival of whose *Journal of Science and Arts* we always hail as the source of much amusement and instruction. We feel some pride in knowing that the *Kaleidoscope* has a place in the library of a scientific gentleman for whom we entertain such high respect.

Our country readers will receive with this day's *Kaleidoscope* a map, exhibiting at one view the line of railroads and canals commenced, and about to be commenced, in the neighbourhood, with the number and first price of the various shares.

Owing to the length of the first portion of the Siege of Liverpool and some other articles contained in our present number, we have been obliged to postpone until next week Mr. Hope's Address to the Liverpool School of Arts.

We have further to acknowledge the communications of *J. S. W.—Constant Reader—Mechanicus—C. M. D.—Gratius.*

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